

THE OLD  
GARDEN

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BY  
MARGARET  
DELAND





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# THE OLD GARDEN

AND OTHER VERSES



BY

MARGARET DELAND

*Mrs. M. Wade (Campbell)*



BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
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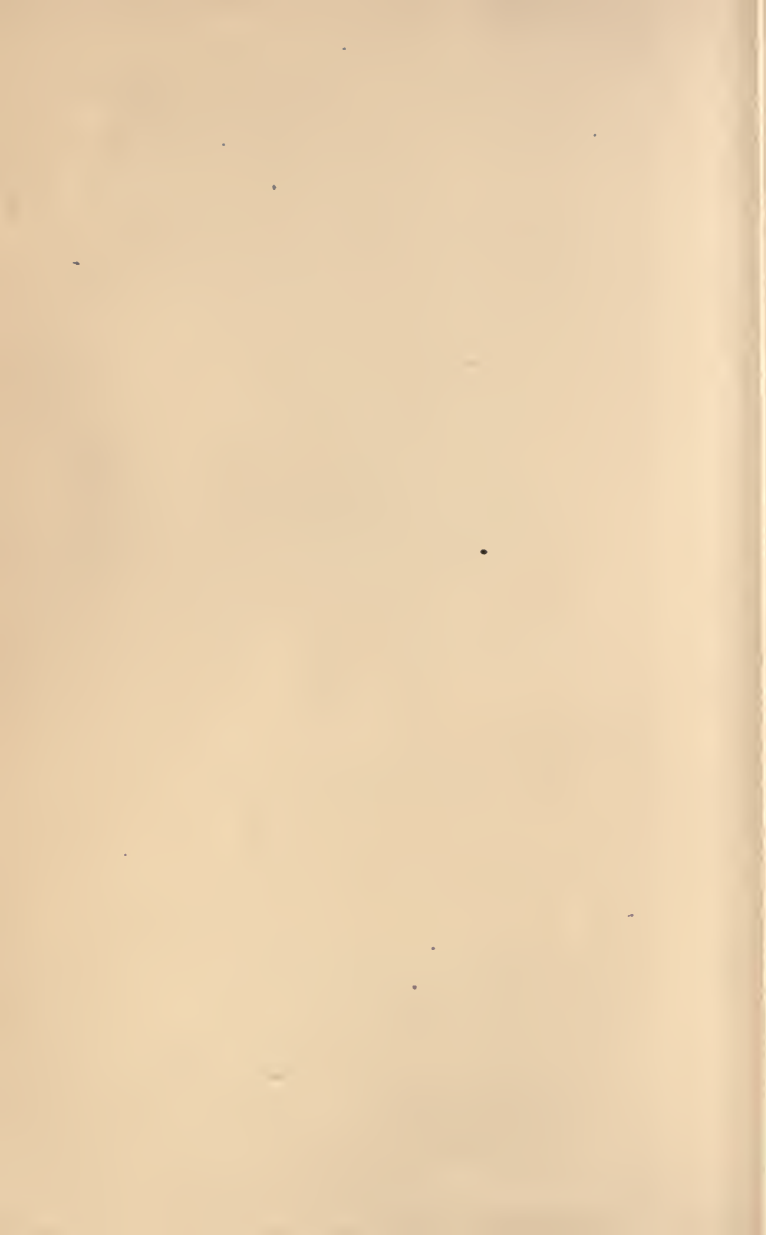


## To Lucy Derby.

*Sweet, every rhyme here writ  
Is yours, not mine ;  
Your heart did dictate it,  
Mine wrote the line !  
So, then, to you, whose wit  
Did make each song,  
My heart and book, 't is fit  
Should both belong !*

BOSTON, August, 1836.





*Put all thy faith in Time,  
Nor trust in me;  
Grant Life, and Love, and Rhyme,  
Eternity!*





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The Old Garden

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## THE OLD GARDEN.



OLD gray house, whose broken case-  
ments stare  
Like sad, dim eyes, at the retreating  
years,

Once more I see thee, but forlorn and bare,  
And desolate of human hopes and fears.  
Sagging on rusty hinges hang thy doors,  
And in thy empty rooms no sound is heard  
Save only when upon the echoing floors  
Last autumn's drifted leaves are faintly stirred.  
Braiding the darkness of the wide, bare hall,  
The flick'ring sunshine softly comes and goes,  
And 'gainst the broken plaster of the wall  
Is blown the shadow of a climbing rose.  
Oh, none but Silence and the Past, to greet  
The weary heart that on the threshold stands,  
Only the wind to answer eager feet,  
And only shades to touch the outstretched  
hands !

The house is but poor Love's neglected grave,  
While young and glad and bright with sum-  
mer's glow,

Like strange sweet spray upon Time's beating  
    wave,  
Against its grief the happy flowers grow.

Closed on three sides by crumbling walls of  
    brick,  
All spotted by slow-creeping lichen stains,  
And nearly hid by ivy, matted thick,  
And dim with clinging mists of years of rains,  
The Garden lies.

    Peaceful as upland farm  
That from all noise and tumult stands apart,  
Yet round it is the street, a restless arm  
That clasps the country to the city's heart ;  
All day, outside the mildewed walls does beat  
The roar of traffic and the factory's din,  
The endless tramp of tired, busy feet,  
Or roll of funeral car, or laugh of sin.—  
Only the wall between this rush of life  
And the deep quiet of the Garden old,  
But yet as separate as peace and strife,  
Or June's sweet sunshine from December's  
    cold.

When all outside is vexed by summer rains,  
Whose dash and rush will bend the stateliest  
    rose,  
And blur the street with dull and tearful  
    stains,  
The freshened Garden but the brighter glows ;

The swaying flowers lift their sweet, wet eyes,  
And burst of perfume fills the shining air,  
The drenched and dreary street feels vague  
surprise

At the strange fragrance overflowing there.  
It is as though some wind of memory blew  
Across the fields where earth was freshly  
ploughed,

Or over pastures, dim with early dew,  
Or down from hilltops hid in wreaths of cloud.  
Again the drifting shadows wheel and pass  
Across the roof of some far cottage home  
Set where the waves of golden meadow-grass  
Break with white ripples into daisy foam.  
O long dead Past ! O pang of strange regret —  
O crimson roses bending in the rain —  
Alas for hearts that may not e'en forget,  
And yet would not go back to thee again !

Inside the walls, the tall ailanthus' shade  
Is tangled in the meshes of the grass,  
Or flecks the path, whose mossy flags were laid  
For childish feet, long since grown old, to pass ;  
Between the stones, the scarlet pimpernel  
Finds room to spread its thread-like roots and  
grow ;

And all self-sown, the portulaca's bell  
Lights up the ground with tender, rosy glow.  
The walks are hedged with dusky green of box,  
That once enclosed long borders, trim and  
neat ;

Within them stood great clumps of snowy  
    phlox,  
That shone at dusk, and grew more deeply  
    sweet.

But now the phlox wild morning-glories seek,  
Whose silky blossoms rove the Garden through,  
And press pure faces 'gainst the thistle's cheek,  
Or star-like gleam amid the grass and dew —  
A thousand pushing weeds the borders hold,  
And standing with them, wild and rank as they,  
Are tender blossoms, now grown over-bold,  
And careless of the Garden's slow decay.

Oh, far away, in some serener air,  
The eyes that loved them see a heavenly  
    dawn :

How can they bloom without her tender care ?  
Why should they live, when her sweet life is  
    gone ?

Still from the far-off pastures comes the bee,  
And swings all day inside the hollyhock,  
Or steals her honey from the winged sweet-  
    pea,  
Or the striped glory of the four-o'clock ;  
The pale sweet-william, ringed with pink and  
    white,  
Grows yet within the damp shade of the wall ;  
And there the primrose stands, that as the  
    night  
Begins to gather, and the dews to fall,

Flings wide to circling moths her twisted buds,  
That shine like yellow moons with pale, cold  
    glow,  
And all the air her heavy fragrance floods,  
And gives largess to any winds that blow.

Here, in warm darkness of a night in June,  
While rhythmic pulses of the factory's flame  
Lighted with sudden flare of red the gloom,  
And deepened long black shadows, children  
    came  
To watch the primrose blow !

  Silent they stood,  
Hand clasped in hand, in breathless hush  
    around,  
And saw her shyly doff her soft green hood  
And blossom — with a silken burst of sound !

Once more I listen for the trembling chime  
From purple-throated Canterbury bell ;  
For surely, in that far-off golden time,  
Strange fragrant music from it softly fell.  
Beneath the lilacs, on whose heart-shaped leaves  
The dust has settled and white stains of mould,  
The money-vine with clinging myrtle weaves  
A thick dark carpet, starred with blue and gold.  
A wedge of vivid blue the larkspur shines  
From out the thorny heart of the sweetbrier,  
And at its side are velvet brandy-wines,  
Shadowed by honeysuckles' fringe of fire.

On the long grass, where still the drops of dew  
Are threaded like a necklace for the dawn,  
The flaming poppies their soft petals strew,  
Then stand and shiver, all their brav'ry gone.  
Each crumpled, crêpe-like leaf is soft as silk ;  
Long, long ago the children saw them there,  
Scarlet and rose, with fringes white as milk,  
And called them "shawls for fairies' dainty  
wear !"

They were not finer, those laid safe away  
In that low attic, 'neath the brown, warm eaves,  
Where yellow sunshine on the rafters lay,  
Or danced with shadows of the outside leaves —  
The scent of cedarn chest in each soft fold,  
And ling'ring sweetness of dried lavender,  
Or pale pressed rose-leaves.

Still the grapevines hold  
The leaning arbor, where the leaves scarce stir,  
In cool green darkness that shuts out the sky ;  
For, if a sunbeam wandered there, 't was lost,  
Or flitted like a golden butterfly  
Across the ceiling that the fruit embossed.  
'Neath it the path was worn and mossy green,  
And here, on long, still, Sunday afternoons,  
The Garden hidden by the leafy screen,  
A child would walk, crooning to low, strange  
tunes,  
Her catechism, or the evening hymn ;  
But ever gazing with a wistful eye,



From out the quiet of the arbor dim,  
At the bright Garden, Sunday did deny.  
The house is empty of the old, sweet life ;  
The outside world long since has claimed the  
    child,  
And gone forever from its bitter strife  
The gentle face that always on her smiled.  
Yet, though untended, still the Garden glows,  
And 'gainst its walls the city's heart still beats,  
And out from it each summer wind that blows  
Carries some sweetness to the tired streets !



## THE SUCCORY.



H, not in ladies' gardens,  
My peasant Posy !  
Smile thy dear, blue eyes,  
Nor only — nearer to the skies —  
In upland pastures, dim and sweet, —  
But by the dusty road  
Where tired feet  
Toil to and fro ;  
Where flaunting Sin  
May see thy heavenly hue,  
Or weary Sorrow look from thee  
Toward a tenderer blue !



"BUTTER AND EGGS."



N orange cap and yellow skirt  
She stands — this arrant farmer flirt !  
She knows the thoughts he dare not  
utter,

The while he buys her eggs and butter.

He knows his fate !

And yet this silly lover begs,

“Oh, will you sell

A kiss, as well

As butter and eggs ?”



## THE PANSY.



DAINTY Pansy ! hooded all in blue,  
With chastely folding cloak of green,  
A maid whom Eros never knew,  
Nor Love has seen !  
I yet must fancy, scarce dreamt by thee,  
That 'neath thy most discreetest thought  
There lurks a *will* which may be taught,  
By Love — and me !



## THE MYRTLE.

N. W. C.



THESE clinging, mournful leaves, I said,  
Seem made to thatch a grave,  
Around the roots of cypress-trees,  
Too deep in gloom for sun or breeze,  
It lives to mourn the dead.

But when I kissed her name, I saw,  
Above the dear, dead maid,  
A starry flower of tender blue,  
A bit of heaven, shining through  
The leaves upon her grave !



## THE MORNING-GLORY.



MAID !

I pray thee light,  
Both noon and night ;

The envious dawn

Thou lookest on

Is too soon gone ;


Then stay

The day,

I pray !



## THE SWEET-PEA.


 H restlessly  
 The gay Sweet-pea  
 Nods on her slender stem ;  
 For far up in the sunny skies  
 She sees the sailing butterflies,  
 And longs to go to them.

For why should they  
 Be first to say,  
 "We love thee, pretty maid" —  
 Why for their coming must she wait,  
 Nor speak of love till they dictate,  
 Though Time her wings should fade ?

She wonders why  
 She must not fly,  
 Her warm heart's love to say —  
 Her pink and white and scarlet wings  
 Were surely made for better things  
 Than thus at home to stay !



## THE ROSEMARY.



Y sweet maid Rosemary —  
 (Her gown it is so plain,  
 E'en Vanity,  
 Dressed thus, could not be vain !)  
 Doth preach to me,  
 When this my life doth seem  
 All small and mean,  
 And full of briers to be ;

For in the rain or sun,  
 Cloaked all in modest gray,  
 This garden nun  
 Doth stand as though to pray.

Content, she never heeds  
 If flaunting Poppy scorns,  
 Nor marks that weeds  
 Do tear her gown with thorns ;  
 She tells her beads,  
 And lives her life with joy,  
 Her one employ,  
 To fill some small, sweet needs !



THE CLOVER.



RUDDY Lover —  
O brave red Clover!  
Didst think to win her  
Thou dost adore?

She will not love thee,  
She looks above thee,  
The Daisy's gold doth move her more.  
If gold can win her,  
Then Love's not in her;  
So leave the Sinner,  
And sigh no more!



## THE YELLOW DAISY.




HAT'S his heart —  
 Sweetheart !  
 What 's his heart ?  
 Very often I 've been told  
 Of his yellow, shining gold ;  
 But the gold 's the smallest part  
 Of a happy love,  
 Sweetheart !

Is it true,  
     My dear,  
 Is it true,  
     That his heart 's a rusty brown ?  
 Nay, my Sweetheart ! do not frown ;  
 Better know it 's brown and sere,  
 Now, than when too late,  
     My dear !



## THE BLUEBELL.

N love she fell,  
My shy Bluebell,  
With a strolling Bumble-bee ;  
He whispered low,  
“ I love you so !  
Sweet, give your heart to me —

“ I love but you,  
And I ’ll be true,  
O give me your heart, I pray ! ”  
She bent her head, —  
“ I will ! ” she said,  
When, lo ! he flew away.



## THE QUAKER LADY.

(HOUSTONIA CÆRULEA.)



THIS quaint and quiet Quaker,  
 Bended head would never make her  
 More discreet, or modester :

But the Gallants pass her by,  
 For with tender, steadfast eye,  
 Straight she looks up at the sky !  
 Surely now, some brighter hues,  
 'Stead of lavenders and blues,  
 Would delight some jolly fellow, —  
 Russet Bee, with bands of yellow,  
 Or a sailing Butterfly  
 At her feet would love and sigh,  
 Or a glow-worm trim his lamp  
 When the dusk falls, cold and damp,  
 That its glimmering light may say,  
 " Dear, I love thee, Night or Day ! "

But to talk 's no use, I know,  
 Still in sober dress she 'll go,  
 And her love of heaven will show ;  
 So, my Quaker Lady sweet,  
 Living in her dim retreat,  
 Sees no lover at her feet !

## THE MIGNONETTE.



DAME of high degree  
Is she,  
The gentle Mignonette —  
And at her side,  
In honest pride,  
Stands my sweet Bouncing Bet.

Her kerchief folded neat,  
And sweet,  
Her bodice rosy-red ;  
My heart she holds  
In its soft folds,  
And yet — we do not wed !

For once I raised mine eye  
Too high —  
I loved fair Mignonette !  
She never knew,  
She thought me true  
To humble Bouncing Bet.

Sweet hopeless Love, if wise,  
Soon dies,

And, "Here 's a maid," I said ;  
" She 's lowly fair,  
And waits, — I swear," —  
And yet — I do not wed !





Nature










## AFFAIRE D'AMOUR.

FOR E. W. W.

NE pale November day,  
Flying Summer paused,  
They say :  
And growing bolder,  
O'er rosy shoulder  
Threw to her Lover such a glance,  
That Autumn's heart began to dance.  
(O happy Lover !)

A leafless Peach-tree bold  
Thought for him she smiled,  
I'm told ;  
And, stirred by love,  
His sleeping sap did move,  
Decking each naked branch with green  
To show her that her look was seen !  
(Alas ! poor Lover !)

But Summer, laughing, fled,  
Nor knew he loved her !

'T is said  
The Peach-tree sighed,  
And soon he gladly died :  
And Autumn, weary of the chase,  
Came on at Winter's sober pace.  
(O careless Lover !)



## MAY.



IKE drifts of tardy snow  
On leafless branches caught,  
The cherry-blossoms blow  
That May has brought.

On banks which face the sun,  
Still shy in pretty doubt,  
White violets have begun  
To look about ;

The fresh winds gayly bring  
The orchards' faint perfume,  
And purple lilacs swing  
Their feathery bloom !

Along the meadow's edge  
New grass has just been seen,  
And on the hawthorn hedge  
Rose hides the green.

Sunshine lies warm and still :  
Cloud shadows idly drift :  
Light cups, for dews to fill,  
Wind-flowers lift ;

Oh, sweet, fresh world, and young !  
A bluebird flashes by,  
And singing joy is flung  
Through all the sky !



## THE WILD ROSE.



SINCE on my suit, alas !  
 My Lady dear doth frown,  
 I lay where she may pass,  
 A wild Rose down.

But first, lest it should grieve  
 Thus to be laid so low,  
 Into its heart I breathe  
 All my heart's woe :

“ Her nature is so sweet,  
 (Save only unto me !)  
 Even her little feet  
 Will not wound thee ;

“ Where thine own color glows,  
 Warm on her dainty cheek,  
 She 'll lift thee, happy Rose !  
 Then, dear Rose, Speak !

“ My intercessor be,  
 And in her tiny ear  
 Whisper — ‘ He loveth thee,  
 Who sent me, dear ! ’ ”

## JUNE.



PON the breast of smiling June  
 Roses and lilies lie,  
 And round her yet is faint perfume  
 Of violets, just gone by ;

Green is her gown, with 'broidery  
 Of blossoming meadow grass,  
 That ripples like a flowing sea  
 When winds and shadows pass.

Her breast is belted by the blue  
 Of succory, like the sky,  
 And purple heart's-ease clasp her too,  
 And larkspur growing high ;

Laced is her bodice green with vines,  
 And dew the sun has kissed,  
 Jewels her scarf that faintly shines,  
 In folds of morning mist !

The buttercups are fringes fair  
 Around her small white feet,  
 And on the radiance of her hair  
 Fall cherry-blossoms sweet ;

The dark laburnum's chains of gold  
She twists about her throat :  
Perched on her shoulder, blithe and bold,  
The brown thrush sounds his note !

And blue of the far dappled sky  
That shows at warm, still noon,  
Shines in her softly smiling eye —  
Oh ! who 's so sweet as June ?



## AUGUST WIND.



THE sharp wind cut a pathway through  
the cloud,  
And left a track of faintly shining  
blue ;

The nunlike poplars swayed and bowed,  
And low the swallows flew !

The sudden dust whirled up the stony road,  
And blurred the brightness of the golden-  
rod ;

The ripening milk-weed bent, and sowed  
Winged seeds at every nod ;

Backward the maple tossed her feathery crown,  
Then flung her branches on the streaming  
air ;

The brittle oak-leaves, dry and brown,  
Rustled with break and tear !

Each wayside weed was twisted like a thread ;  
Then, suddenly, far up the pasture hill,  
Quick as it came the gust had fled,  
And all the fields were still.



SUNRISE ON CRAG MOUNTAIN.



FAINTLY shimmering pearl is set  
Upon the dusky breast of Night,  
And gleams with cold translucent light  
Behind the hills in darkness yet.

The mountains lift bare brows to greet  
The silent coming of the day,  
But Night is yet content to stay  
Where shadows fold about their feet.

Fading, the morning star has gone  
Back, back into the far, still sky ;  
Gray mists in all the valleys lie ;  
The darkness blossoms into dawn.

Slowly a pale, clear yellow grows  
Around the waiting world's black rim ;  
And stretching dusk at first, and dim,  
Small, rippling clouds are flushed with rose.

No sound except the rustling grass :  
The crystal air is cold and sweet :  
The morning winds on unseen feet  
Over the hilltops lightly pass.

34     *SUNRISE ON CRAG MOUNTAIN.*

Wind-wakened flowers, half uncurled,  
    Turn to the East their eager eyes ;  
    A pulsing gold spreads through the skies —  
Silence wraps all the breathless world.

One moment yet the birds are dumb —  
    Then, burst of song ! then, flood of light !  
    Day leaps from out the arms of Night —  
The sun springs up, the Life has come !



## HEPATICA.



PRETTY, modest maid  
 Who still is half afraid  
 Of chilly winter weather,  
 But yet is all too shy  
 To boldly search the sky,  
 To see if storm-clouds gather.

So, in some dim, still place,  
 Has hid her small, sweet face,  
 And let dead leaves drift round her ;  
 And bent her head so low,  
 Not softest winds that blow,  
 Nor sunshine, scarce have found her ;

She wears a hood of green,  
 (So fears she to be seen,)  
 And folds about her neatly,  
 A simple russet gown  
 Of furry leaves and brown,  
 That hides her form completely ;

Will she thus live and fade,  
 Poor, pretty, modest maid !  
 If she her beauty covers ?

Nay, for though other eyes  
Note not where low she lies,  
    She can't escape her Lover's !

He 'll search the damp woods through  
To find the tender blue  
    Of her eyes, shyly smiling,  
Nor heed the wet and cold,  
Where dead leaves drift and fold,  
    Her look is so beguiling !



## THE GOLDEN-ROD.



ROD of gold !

O swaying sceptre of the year —

Now frost and cold

Show Winter near,

And shivering leaves grow brown and sere.

The bleak hillside,

And marshy waste of yellow reeds,

And meadows wide

Where frosted weeds

Shake on the damp wind light-winged seeds,

Are decked with thee, —

The lingering Summer's latest grace,

And sovereignty.

Each wind-swept space

Waves thy red gold in Winter's face —

He strives each star,

In stormy pride to lay full low ;

But when thy bar

Resists his blow,

Will crown thee with a puff of snow !

## STUDIES FOR PICTURES.

## I.



LONELY lake lies far among the hills  
 Whose northern sides are dark with  
 whispering pines ;  
 Fed from their breasts by dancing, dappled rills,  
 For them alone it softly smiles and shines.

No man has pushed the circling leafage back,  
 Or stirred the laurels, rimmed with drops of  
 dew,  
 To gaze where boat has never left its track  
 Like twist of silver on the shimmering blue.

At the quick touch of sudden, wandering breeze,  
 Its scudding ripples spread o'er sandy bars ;  
 And as the waves the slanting sunbeams seize,  
 The water blossoms with a thousand stars !

The panting deer may cool his soft, shy lip,  
 And trouble with his bubbling breath its rest ;  
 Or strong, straight flight of some wild wing may  
 dip,  
 And cut with flash of light its gleaming  
 breast.

With sharp, green spears, the reeds and grasses  
pierce

The still dark water 'neath o'erhanging trees,  
As though some Pharaoh's army, wild and  
fierce,

Were buried, marching, as in Egypt's seas !

Over its heart it folds a scarf of lace, —

Faint-imaged clouds that stretch across the  
sky, —

And, like white jewels fastening it in place,  
The trembling-hearted water-lilies lie.

It braids the moonbeams on a summer night,  
Or, while low laughter all its bosom fills,  
Its ripples chase the west wind's sunny flight,  
And kiss the feet of its grave, guarding hills !

## II.

Like heavy stream of slow, scarce-moving oil,  
On open flats the dim, still river lies ;  
No skimming ripple, and no whirling coil  
Of dimpling eddy, stirs its mirrored skies ;

No bending grasses on the sandy shore  
Reach their long fingers down to dip and  
lave ;

And all unmarked the river's even floor  
By hidden pebbles' softly slipping wave.

A fine, still haze holds all the brown, warm land,  
And hides the line where sky and river  
meet, —

Yellow and dim upon the yellow sand,  
And faintly gold on fields of ripened wheat.

A blur of color shows where poppies bloom ;  
A line of shadow marks tall poplar-trees,  
Standing like ghosts against the yellow gloom,  
Unstirred by any lightly blowing breeze.

Faint through the silence of the mellow haze  
Is heard the lingering splash of some slow  
oar ;

A boat, for one vague, floating moment, stays,  
Seen like a dream against the misty shore.

Slow, with the unseen current, drifts the boat, —  
The trembling water laps the level sands, —  
And guiding it, a boy, with bronze, bare throat,  
Clings to his slender pole, with sunburned  
hands.





## THE NIGHT MIST.



ALL the night long, the gray embracing  
mist

Has held in tender arms the tired  
world ;

The sleepy river its soft lips have kissed,  
And over hills and meadows it has curled.

Its white cool finger it has gently placed  
On weary stretches of the desert sand ;  
The noisy city, and the far-off waste,  
Have felt the benediction of its hand.

The drowsy world rolls slowly toward the day :  
The fresh sweet wind of morning softly blows :  
The willing mist no longer now may stay ;  
With first expectancy of dawn, it goes !

## BLOODROOT BLOSSOMS.



WHEN shiv'ring through the skies,  
 Spring sought the wintry earth,  
 She saw with longing eyes,  
 The gleaming stars arise  
 To light her chilly path !

She might not wait or stay,  
 To pluck them for a crown,  
 For dim and far away  
 The world expectant lay,  
 And she must hasten down ;

But there, for necklace bright  
 With soft cold hands she made,  
 Some stars, all snowy white,  
 Gleaming like those of night,  
 And on her young breast laid.

So, on Spring's bosom cold,  
 These starry blossoms glow,  
 Half hid by many a fold  
 Of brown leaves, sere and old,  
 And sodden by past snow !

## SPRING'S BEACON.



THROUGH the misty woodlands bare,  
 By the meadows brown and dead,  
 In the damp and chilly air,  
 Stand the maples tipped with red ;

They are flaring signals bright,  
 Wav'ring 'gainst the dull, cold sky,  
 Heralding with ruddy light,  
 That the cheerful Spring is nigh.

In their kindling, flaming boughs,  
 Wooing Robins love and sing,  
 Swearing all their pretty vows,  
 "By the Beacon of the Spring !"

Crimson on the Robin's breast,  
 Crimson on the growing tree —  
 Life and Love alike are drest,  
 Love and Life have come to me !

Crimson on my Love's soft cheeks  
 Does her sweet, shy thought confess,  
 When from out her heart she speaks,  
 To my heart the longed-for — "Yes !"

## SUMMER.

## A FRAGMENT.



HIGH on the crest of the blossoming  
 grasses,  
 Bending and swaying with face to-  
 ward the sky,  
 Stirred by the lightest west wind as it passes,  
 Hosts of the silver-white daisy-stars lie !

I, looking up through the mists of the flowers,  
 I, lying low on the earth thrilled with June,  
 Give not a thought to the vanishing hours,  
 Save that they melt into twilight too soon !

Blossoms of peaches float down for my cover, —  
 Snow-flakes that blushed to be kissed by the  
 sun, —

Blossoms of apples drift over and over, —  
 White they with grief that their short day is  
 done !

Buttercup's lanterns are lighted about me,  
 Burly red clover's warm cheek presses mine ;  
 Powdery Bee never once seems to doubt me,  
 Tipping each chalice for Summer's new wine !

Tiny white butterflies (" Brides " children name  
them)

Flicker and glimmer, and turn in their flight ;  
Surely the sunshine suffices to tame them,  
Close to my hand they will swing and alight !

Small timid breezes, than butterflies shyer,  
Just for a moment soft buffet my face,  
Then fly away to the tree-tops and higher,  
Shaking down shadows o'er every bright  
space.







# Love Songs









## TO THEE.

L. F. D.



THOU Beloved ! in whose eyes I read  
A ready strength to meet my utmost  
need,

I ponder, sometimes (noting thy content  
With this small life of mine, which thou hast  
bent

To all of lofty purpose it can claim  
By thine uplifting praise, or tender blame),  
I wonder, sometimes, hast thou ever thought  
How with thyself my conscious life is wrought ?  
That thou the centre art, the clasp and stay  
Of Past, and Future, and the glad To-day !  
As dim horizon binds a shoreless sea,  
My widening life is bound and arched by thee ;  
And, lighting all this heaven that holds my  
heart,  
Gladness, and joy, and warmth, and sun, thou  
art !

ON BEING ASKED BY PHYLLIS FOR  
A PICTURE OF LOVE.



GRAY are Love's gentle eyes,  
And in them stay  
Sweet thoughts, and wise :  
This sure no one denies,  
For Phyllis' eyes are gray.

Red is Love's mouth, as though  
On roses fed :  
This do I know,  
Since Phyllis' lips do show  
A like sweet damask-red.

Brown is Love's hair, and bright,  
And soft as down,  
And curling light  
Around a forehead white,  
And Phyllis' hair is brown.

Sweet is true Love, but shy  
As a young dove  
Just taught to fly —  
All this right well know I,  
For Phyllis is my Love !

## THE DEATH OF LOVE.



ONCE my friend, and dear! I gaze at  
 you  
 Through mists of smarting tears,  
 For the relentless years  
 Stand with averted eyes between us two.

Useless for me to clasp your hand in mine,  
 Groping through doubt and pain  
 To find our Love again,  
 Our dear, dead love, which died and made no  
 sign.

*Alas! that Love should die,  
 All, all unknown,  
 Unhonored by a sigh,  
 And all alone.*

*Poor Love! once ruddy strong,  
 None, none so true,  
 To you did Life belong,  
 And we to you.*

*Let no weak words be said,  
 Sure, sure 't is vain!  
 They cannot bring the dead  
 Whom we have slain.*

Useless for us old tender words to speak ;  
 As well to try to bring  
 The breath of vanished Spring,  
 Or glory of a rose, long dead, to seek.

*So grant poor Love a decent grave  
 And cereclothes, too,  
 And deck his head with blossoms brave,  
 Dark pansies, mixed with rue !*

*But carve no stone to mark his bed,  
 Or show his name ;  
 Enough for us our Love is dead,  
 Why tell the world our shame ?*

*Poor murdered Love ! this sharp regret,  
 This grief, is well.  
 But shall Grief live, or we forget ?  
 Alas ! we cannot tell.*

Yes, even this our Grief, which takes Love's  
 throne,  
 On some unconscious day  
 Unseen may slip away,  
 And Self be left in full content alone.

Poor human hearts, not great enough to wear  
 Remembrance like a crown :  
 Glad soon to lay it down —  
 Oh, sharper this, than grief of Death to bear !

TO JEALOUSIE.



JEALOUSIE !

I welcome thee  
To stab my patient breast,  
For such a guest  
Is sure some day to prove  
To her my gentle love, —  
How great my love must be  
To harbor thee !

But that my pain  
Be not endured in vain,  
I must with nicest art  
Disclose thy dart,  
So that her eye may see  
My misery,  
And her most tender heart  
Be moved to heal thy smart.

For this, I suffer thee,  
O Jealousie !

## IS IT?



IS Love eternal?  
 Nay! I do not know —  
 Is that eternal, dear,  
 Which makes Love so?  
 True love is born of trust,  
 Of full belief,  
 But trust ends, sometimes,  
 In a deeper grief.  
 An honest pride  
 In all its loved may do,  
 Is part of Love,  
 But sometimes strange and new,  
 An action or a word!  
 Then for its life,  
 True Love will seek to find  
 A tender sweetness  
 In the loved one's mind —  
 How then, if, 'stead of that  
 Which is its life,  
 Love sees with Time,  
 Strange bitterness and strife?  
 Patience holds Love:  
 A patience that can wait  
 E'en for the blossoming aloe

Of its fate —

Which bears a passing shadow

In Love's eyes,

Nay, if they turn from it,

Knows no surprise,

Owning its own unworth !

Then, if Love's heart

Beats only while it trusts,

And finds it part

In tenderness,

And glows with pride,

And sees sweet patience

Ever at its side —

Then Love will only last


As long as they —

“ Is Love eternal? ”

That 's for you to say !



## TO A PANSY.

N such modest wise she stands,  
My sweet purple Pansy flower!  
That she all my heart commands —  
Prithee, does she know her power?

Tell me, does she look so shy,  
Just to make me love her so?  
If she does, I swear that I  
Half her charm did never know!

For such strategies avow  
That within her heart Love stirs,  
And perhaps she 'll welcome now  
What, unknown to her, is hers!





## HINC ILLÆ LACRIMÆ.



ONE learnèd in Love's Art  
 Instructed me ;  
 Naught moved a maiden's heart  
 Like jealousy —  
 So, when from Constance' eyes in vain I sought  
 To win a kindlier glance,  
 I looked askance,  
 Where, at her 'broidery frame, sweet Cecil  
 wrought.

I looked, and lo ! mine eyes  
 Were fastened there ;  
 I swore such Art was wise —  
 (The maid was fair !)  
 " Why should I turn," I said, " to Constance'  
 frown,  
 Did this my cunning stir  
 But wrath in her ?"  
 At Cecil's feet I laid my homage down !

But mark the cruel fate  
 Which pierced my heart —  
 She said I 'd come too late !  
 I cursed the Art —

For, when to Constance once again I turned,  
Such was her jealousy  
She 'd none of me,  
And all my proffered love she lightly spurned !



A LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.



SURELY, dear, the wild brown Bee,  
When he sees your ruddy lip,  
Flutters near that he may see  
If it blooms for him to sip !

Sunbeams of the dawning day  
Note your curls' soft golden gleam  
And are tangled there, and stay,  
For they sister sunbeams seem ;

And I know the butterflies,  
Sailing through the fragrant air,  
Mark the heaven of your eyes,  
And must long to enter there !

And the wanton wind which blows  
Soft from out the yellow west,  
Stays a moment to repose  
On the whiteness of your breast ;—

But such longing fills my soul,  
When mine eyes such beauties see,  
I would fain possess the whole,  
Nor would share with Wind or Bee !

## ARRIÈRE PENSÉE.



I was not Love, you know,  
 That dream of ours :  
 No doubt we thought it so,  
 Catching the shine and glow  
 From sun and sky and flowers !

“ I called it Love ! ” you say ?  
 What if I did ?  
 The words but matched the day,  
 It died, and so should they,  
 None surely could forbid ;

“ Love never dies, ” you swear ?  
 “ Love such as yours ; ”  
 Well, that must be *your* care,  
 To blame me is not fair,  
 Because your pain endures ;

I ’m really sorry I  
 Should seem unkind !  
 But you cannot deny  
 The Summer ’s long gone by ;  
 ’T was time to change my mind ;

Indeed, it 's wiser, far,  
To take my view :  
Love always leaves a scar,  
We 're better as we are,  
And *friendship* will be new !



## UNCERTAINTY.



THE distant ships at anchor lie  
Far on the hazy sea ;  
Upon the helm we see no hand,  
Nor hear a whisper of command ;  
Our own they seem to be.

Under a tender sky they rest,  
With snowy sails all furled ;  
But the mist may lift,  
And the wind may shift,  
And the ships sail down the world !

Oh, the sweet souls I truly love  
Shall I ever truly know ?  
In their mists of thought  
I am all untaught,  
Nor know I what winds may blow !



“MANY WATERS CANNOT QUENCH  
LOVE.”



HALL earthly Love, which so to  
heaven belongs

That she may lay her hand upon  
God's throne,

Or join the morning stars' immortal songs,  
Know all serenest heights, but heights alone ?

Shall hers be knowledge of supremest joy,  
Fulness of Fame and Honor all be hers —  
Perfected sweetness, which may never cloy,  
A rose unruffled, though the west wind stirs !

Shall she know only calm, with high content  
To live each day in blaze of searching light —  
Is this alone for Love ? If heaven be rent  
And drown her dazzled eyes in outer night :

If Honor die ; if she is stripped of Fame ;  
If that fair rose is scattered by the rain,  
Broken, and stained, its beauty turned to  
shame —

Shall this be hid from Love ? Then Life  
were vain!

64 *MANY WATERS CANNOT QUENCH LOVE.*

Not only heights and sweetness Love must  
know,

Nor only lean upon the throne of God :  
Depths too are hers, and sometimes, bending  
low,

She kisses feet that deeps of sin have trod ;

Against the dust she lays her stately head,  
Or bares her heart to blasting storms and  
rain ;

Patient she follows wheresoever led,  
Nor recks of darkness, weariness, and pain !

She may not even raise her eyes for tears,  
And sighs instead of songs chain every  
breath ;

For lo ! a crown of lead and gold she wears,  
Life's circle, clasping the black pearl of  
Death !





ON PRESENTING A SCENTLESS ROSE  
TO A YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN.



ALL thy soft leaves, fair Rose! are silky  
fine,  
And cool —

But I — poor fool!

Looked for hot passion in this heart of thine,  
So deeply red ;  
Instead

I did but find

It set about with thorn,  
And scentless quite!

The which when I my tired head would bind  
With its delight,  
Left me but more forlorn!

Better, dear Hypocrite,

Thou shouldst e'en thy fair looks deny  
To such as I,

Since the sweet meaning in them writ  
Is but a lie!



## LOVE AND DEATH.




LAS! that men must see  
Love, before Death!  
Else they content might be  
With their short breath;  
Aye, glad, when the pale sun  
Showed restless Day was done,  
And endless Rest begun.

Glad, when with strong, cool hand  
Death clasped their own,  
And with a strange command,  
Hushed every moan;  
Glad to have finished pain,  
And labor wrought in vain,  
Blurred by Sin's deepening stain.

But Love's insistent voice  
Bids Self to flee —  
“Live that I may rejoice,  
Live on, for me!”  
So, for Love's cruel mind,  
Men fear this Rest to find,  
Nor know great Death is kind!

## LOVE'S WISDOM.

OW long I've loved thee, and how  
well —  
I dare not tell !  
Because, if thou shouldst once divine  
    This love of mine,  
Or did but once my tongue confess  
    My heart's distress,  
Far, far too plainly thou wouldst see  
    My slavery,  
And, guessing what Love's wit should hide,  
    Rest satisfied !

So, though I worship at thy feet,  
    I'll be discreet —  
And all my love shall not be told,  
    Lest thou be cold,  
And, knowing I was always thine,  
    Scorn to be mine.  
So am I dumb, to rescue thee  
    From tyranny —  
And, by my silence, I do prove  
    Wisdom and Love !

## TWO LOVERS.

## FIRST LOVER.



NOT mine to celebrate  
My happy fate,  
In that I love thee, O my fairest Sweet !  
By sighing long  
My joy to prove,  
Nor yet by song  
To swear my love,  
The while thy praises my glad lips repeat !  
By lighter Lover's tongue  
Must Love be sung,  
That in the heart its sacred throne doth take ;  
Sighs are not fit  
Love's joy to show ;  
To measure it  
No words I know,  
So am I silent but for Love's sweet sake !

## SECOND LOVER.



HAT I have words wherewith to speak  
my love,  
Doth never argue that my love is  
weak,  
But rather prove  
That I do gain a grace  
From her fair face,  
Which, nurturing gracious words, bids me to  
speak :  
The endless music that her living makes  
Through weary days, and every day, to me,  
My song awakes ;  
But it doth start my sighs  
That her sweet eyes  
The often baseness of my life must see !




## INCONSTANCY.



YOU ask me does Love's flame  
 Burn still the same,  
 And if unchangèd quite,  
 It cheers  
 The lengthening years  
 With soft and tender light ;  
 If it yet shows the old, warm, ruddy glow ?  
 And I must answer — " No ! "

It is not still the same,  
 Yet spare me blame !  
 For, though to change be wrong,  
 It will  
 Be changing still,  
 To grow each day more strong !  
 Can you such sweet, inconstant Love confess ?  
 I pray you answer — " *Yes !* "

LINES TO A VERY SHY YOUNG  
WOMAN.


ALSE Violet, I sought for thee,  
That I might know,  
If thou didst bend so low,  
Prompted by tender modesty,  
Or show !

I will disclose thy subtlety : —  
Looks that are shy,  
Thou know'st do win mine eye —  
(This truth, fair maid, I challenge thee,  
Deny !)

And so, since it becometh thee,  
And charms my heart —  
Thou dost affect this part,  
Thus, all thy sweet simplicity  
Is Art !



## LOVE'S COUP D'ÉTAT.


 O longer at thy feet,  
 My only Dear,  
 With honied words I 'll woo thee !  
 Nor ever fear  
 That with thy praises sweet,  
 I will again pursue thee ,

"Soft stars of night," thine eyes  
 Did folly call,  
 To make thee smile upon me.  
 Love's favor small !  
 Instead, thou didst chastise  
 With frowns, and yet more shun me.

So, now 't is time to try,  
*Truth* to thy mind :  
 Thou seest not that I love thee ?  
 Then art thou blind !  
 'T is sin to say thine eye  
 Is like a star above thee.

"Thy lips were made to kiss,"  
 Long time I said,



Though thou 'st with scorn denied me  
To taste their red —  
Know that they speak amiss  
When they do thus deride me.


“The dimple in thy chin  
For Love was made ?”  
Alas, I did not know thee.  
That trap was laid  
To catch my heart within,  
As I — a fool — did show thee.

“Thine heart was sweet and true,”  
Once wert thou told.  
Now, Lady, prithee hear me :  
Thine heart is cold !  
(Such words are surely new,  
Truth, haply, may endear me.)

One thing I cannot say, —  
Loving sweet Truth, —  
Though fain I would abuse thee  
With words of ruth —  
That there can dawn a day  
My heart will cease to choose thee !



SENT WITH A ROSE, TO A YOUNG  
LADY.

EEP in a Rose's glowing heart  
I dropped a single kiss,  
And then I bade it quick depart,  
And tell my Lady this :

“ The love thy Lover tried to send  
O'erflows my fragrant bowl,  
But my soft leaves would break and bend,  
Should he send half the whole ! ”



ON BEING REPROACHED BY MY  
LOVE FOR COLDNESS.



DEAREST, I cannot say "I love but  
thee,"  
Nor yet deny  
My roving eye  
Does other beauty see!

But from one cause do these shortcomings  
spring:  
So fair thou art  
My captive heart  
Sees thee in everything:

So, why I do not love but thee is plain,  
The whole world's dear  
While thou art here, —  
While thee it does contain!


And why to beauty I'm not blind is clear:  
On every face  
Some of thy grace  
To my eye doth appear.

76 *ON BEING REPROACHED BY MY LOVE.*

But though sweet nothings, true, I cannot say,  
    Yet thee I love  
    My life above,  
So love me, dear, I pray!



## VERSES.

 ANSY in a purple dress  
 Would her loving thought confess ;  
 But, alas, no word has she  
 Sweet enough to speak to thee !  
 Let her silence then but show  
 Depth of love you do not know.



THE Love that hides, too modest far to  
 speak —  
 Is sometimes twice as strong, for seeming  
 weak :  
 Hear then, what these my pansies say to you —  
 “ Your Lover, dear, is shy, but always true ! ”







Poems of Life









## LIFE.

**B**Y one great Heart, the Universe is stirred :

By Its strong pulse, stars climb the darkening blue ;

It throbs in each fresh sunset's changing hue,  
And thrills through low sweet song of every bird :

By It, the plunging blood reds all men's veins ;  
Joy feels that Heart against his rapturous own,

And on It, Sorrow breathes her sharpest groan ;  
It bounds through gladnesses and deepest pains.

Passionless beating through all Time and Space,  
Relentless, calm, majestic in Its march,  
Alike, though Nature shake heaven's endless arch,  
Or man's heart break, because of some dead face !

'T is felt in sunshine greening the soft sod,  
In children's smiling, as in mother's tears ;  
And, for strange comfort, through the aching  
years,  
Men's hungry souls have named that great  
Heart, *God!*



## DEATH.



INTO the land that no man knows,  
Into the darkness that may mean  
light,  
Shaken with doubt the poor Soul goes,  
Hoping the blindness of Death brings sight ;

Out of a mystery it grew,  
And life was a riddle hard to read ;  
Can Death show joy it never knew,  
Or to full knowledge gently lead ?

That awful Face may turn and smile,  
When on Its lips our own we lay —  
Saying, "Trust me a little while,  
Fear not the Night that brings the Day !"



## DOUBT.



DISTANT Christ, the crowded, dark-  
 ening years  
 Drift slow between thy gracious face  
 and me :

My hungry heart leans back to look for thee,  
 But finds the way set thick with doubts and  
 fears.

My groping hands would touch thy garment's  
 hem,  
 Would find some token thou art walking near ;  
 Instead, they clasp but empty darkness  
 drear,  
 And no diviner hands reach out to them.

Sometimes my listening soul, with bated breath,  
 Stands still to catch a footfall by my side,  
 Lest, haply, my earth-blinded eyes but hide  
 Thy stately figure, leading Life and Death ;

My straining eyes, O Christ, but long to mark  
 A shadow of thy presence, dim and sweet,

Or far-off light to guide my wandering feet,  
Or hope for hands prayer-beating 'gainst the  
dark.


O Thou! unseen by me, that like a child  
Tries in the night to find its mother's heart,  
And weeping wanders only more apart,  
Not knowing in the darkness that she smiled —

Thou, all unseen, dost hear my tired cry,  
As I, in darkness of a half belief,  
Grope for thy heart, in love and doubt and  
grief :

O Lord! speak soon to me — “Lo, here am I!”



AS ONE WHO WATCHETH FOR THE  
MORNING.

EAN out against the dark with vague  
surmise ;  
Shadows weigh down the world, and  
heavy night  
Gives no dim promise of a heavenly light,  
Yet turn, O Soul ! towards the East thine eyes :

Nor say that Day has come when faint lights  
creep  
From far-off, icy-pointed stars ; nor dream  
To find thy cheer in flickering tapers gleam,  
Nor seek the sad forgetfulness of sleep.

But watch — though darkness beat against  
thine eyes,  
Open thy casements wide — be just to mark  
The faintest flush that lights the awful dark ;  
O Soul, look ever towards the Eastern skies !



WHEN LOVE AND SORROW MEET.



IM in the distance, and scarce recog-  
nized

By frightened Love's upraised, appeal-  
ing eyes,

Veiled by gray tears, with bended head and  
dumb,

Down through the narrowing weeks does Sor-  
row come, —

Coming too surely, with unfaltering feet  
To that appointed day they two shall meet .

In vain, in vain, poor Love, for thee to stay  
The hurrying days that push thee on thy way ;  
In vain for thee to leave thine onward track,  
Or thy weak hands to beat strong Sorrow back ;  
In vain to cry, " Oh, check thine awful pace ;"  
Still on she comes with veiled and hidden face :

But listen, Love, although she leads white  
Death —

(Oh, listen, Love, and check that sobbing  
breath !)

Beneath her veil of closely falling tears,  
Is not the face thy aching heart most fears —

It is not bitter, Love, with frozen pain ;  
 It is not cruel, though thou plead in vain !

On that black day when thou and she shalt  
     meet,

Her dreaded voice will whisper, clear and  
     sweet,

“ Dear Love, though thou must henceforth walk  
     with me,

My hand shall make all small griefs naught to  
     thee ;

On my true heart with calmness thou shalt bear  
 All that Life brings to thee of daily care ;

“ But oh, sweet Love ! grant me this gift of  
     grace —

Push back, dear Love, the veil that hides my  
     face,

And thou shalt read within my tender eyes

Promise of peace, that now thy fear denies :

Thy Treasure, Love, thy life’s sweet joy divine,  
 Is now, henceforward, to be truly thine.

“ Never so truly thine, O Love, before —

Thine, only thine, and thine forevermore !

Death guards thy Treasure till that sure, sweet  
     day,

To which I ’ll lead thee, all the weary way,

When thou shalt enter, too, enduring Rest,

And both be cradled on Death’s gentle breast !”



ON A CHILD'S GRAVE IN THE DOR-  
CHESTER BURYING-GROUND.



HUNDRED years of light and shade,  
And changing hopes and fears,  
Have drifted since this grave was  
made,

And seen through mists of tears ;

So small a grave, and dim with moss,  
And sunk in waving grass,  
But mother's heart that 's sore with loss,  
Would note it, should she pass.

A hundred years ago he died,  
His very name is not —  
The sorrow 's buried, tears are dried,  
His life and death 's forgot.

Can Love her sacred grief forget ?  
Must Love and Grief thus die ?  
Nay, changed to joy the sharp regret,  
And Love is Life, on high !  
*Oh worthier Grief that grief should die  
In endless Life and Joy, on high !*

## EASTER MUSIC.

## JONQUILS.

**B**LOW, golden trumpets, sweet and  
clear,  
Blow soft upon the perfumed air ;  
Bid the sad earth to join your song,  
*" To Christ does victory belong ! "*

Oh, let the winds your message bear  
To every heart of grief and care ;  
Sound through the world the joyful lay,  
*" Our Christ has conquered Death to-day ! "*

On cloudy wings let glad words fly  
Through the soft blue of echoing sky :  
Ring out, O trumpets, sweet and clear,  
*" Through Death immortal Life is here ! "*



TO THE CHILD OF THE SISTINE  
MADONNA.



THROUGH all the mists of years,  
One smiling baby face  
Forever young appears,  
Aglow with childish grace !

O questioning sweet eyes,  
O head all golden brown,  
Above thee softly lies  
The shadow of a crown !



## THE MESSAGE OF THE LILIES.



QUICKENING life of Easter day,  
 O burst of snowy bloom :  
 "The Lord has risen," Lilies say,  
 In gush of sweet perfume !

"Oh, lift your heads and face the sky,  
 Oh, watch the brightening dawn ;  
 For Light, and Life, and Hope are nigh,  
 And Death's dark night has gone !

"Up ! up ! to the soft shining blue,  
 The freshening wind and sun ;  
 All Nature thrills, all life is new,  
 Christ's victory is won !"

"Rise, Lord, within our hearts," we cry,  
 Through strange, bright mists of tears ;  
 "Oh, show us 'neath this Easter sky  
 Love's own immortal years !"



## HYMN.



PATIENT Christ ! when long ago

O'er old Judea's rugged hills

Thy willing feet went to and fro,

To find and comfort human ills —

Did once thy tender, earnest eyes,

Look down the solemn centuries,

And see the smallness of our lives ?

Souls struggling for the victory,

And martyrs, finding death was gain,

Souls turning from the Truth and Thee,

And falling deep in sin and pain —

Great heights and depths were surely  
seen,

But oh ! the dreary waste between —

Small lives, not base perhaps, but mean :

Their selfish efforts for the right,

Or cowardice that keeps from sin —

Content to only see the height

That nobler souls will toil to win !

Oh, shame, to think thine eyes should see

The souls contented just to be —

The lives too small to take in Thee.

Lord, let this thought awake our shame,  
That blessed shame that stings to life,  
Rouse us to live for thy dear name,  
Arm us with courage for the strife.  
O Christ ! be patient with us still ;  
Dear Christ ! remember Calvary's hill —  
Our little lives with purpose fill !



## TO E. W. W.



HERE is a voice that answers in the  
soul

When music speaks unto the outer  
ear ;

The half of us that longs to be the whole,  
The Infinite in mercy drawing near ;

Strange gladness that is yet a subtile pain  
Holds down the senses, checks the hurried  
breath ;

Thought swoons ; the human struggles to attain  
That harmony of silence we call death !









**Verges for Children**







## THE BIRD AND THE BUTTERFLY.

FOR CARRIE.



THROUGH the sunny summer sky,  
Came a sailing Butterfly :

Wings that seemed with jewels set.  
Gleams of rose and violet ;

Bars of black in velvet fold  
Bright with glints of dusky gold ;

Dancing through the sweet sunshine,  
Glad with clover's ruddy wine !

Stopping just to gayly sip  
The wild pansy's purple lip,

Or to softly swing and rest  
On an apple-blossom's breast ;

Or to steal the fluffy gold  
That the buttercups do hold,

Or to watch the blossoming grass  
Ripple, when the light winds pass !

But, still sailing on and on,  
Till she finds the sunshine gone ;

Frightened then by fading light,  
And the softly gathering Night,

She would chase the flying Day,  
So she stops to ask the way —

Lights upon a swinging nest,  
“ Right or left ? which way is West ? ”

And a young Bird answers low —  
“ On — towards the sunset's glow !

“ But just say, before you fly,  
Is it beautiful — the sky ?

“ Shall I see it, do you know ?  
Tell me that, before you go ! ”

So, ere her bright wings she spread,  
This is what she softly said :

“ Yes, oh yes ! on some glad dawn,  
When Night's stars are dimmed and gone,

“ Look straight up into the sky,  
Fearless spread your wings — then, FLY ! ”

So she fluttered from the nest,  
Seeking still the yellow West !



“WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED  
THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT.”



LIKE small curled feathers, white and  
soft,  
The little clouds went by,  
Across the moon, and past the stars,  
And down the western sky :  
In upland pastures, where the grass  
With frosted dew was white,  
Like snowy clouds the young sheep lay,  
That first, best Christmas night.

The shepherds slept ; and, glimmering faint,  
With twist of thin, blue smoke,  
Only their fire's crackling flames  
The tender silence broke —  
Save when a young lamb raised his head,  
Or, when the night wind blew,  
A nesting bird would softly stir,  
Where dusky olives grew —

With finger on her solemn lip,  
Night hushed the shadowy earth,  
And only stars and angels saw  
The little Saviour's birth ;

Then came such flash of silver light  
Across the bending skies,  
The wondering shepherds woke, and hid  
Their frightened, dazzled eyes !

And all their gentle sleepy flock  
Looked up, then slept again,  
Nor knew the light that dimmed the stars  
Brought endless Peace to men —  
Nor even heard the gracious words  
That down the ages ring —  
“ The Christ is born ! the Lord has come,  
Good-will on earth to bring ! ”

Then o'er the moonlit, misty fields,  
Dumb with the world's great joy,  
The shepherds sought the white-walled town,  
Where lay the baby boy —  
And oh, the gladness of the world,  
The glory of the skies,  
Because the longed-for Christ looked up  
In Mary's happy eyes !



## BOSSY AND THE DAISY.



RIGHT up into Bossy's eyes,  
Looked the Daisy, boldly,  
But, alas! to his surprise,  
Bossy ate him, coldly.

Listen! Daisies in the fields,  
Hide away from Bossy!  
Daisies make the milk she yields,  
And her coat grow glossy.

So, each day, she tries to find  
Daisies nodding sweetly,  
And although it's most unkind,  
Bites their heads off, neatly!





THE DANCE OF THE FAIRIES.



IN my garden, in the midnight,  
In the misty shining moonlight,  
Stand the lilies, swaying, bending,  
Half afraid that they are lending,  
By their sweet looks and sedate,  
Countenance to hours so late.  
(Yet they give a sidelong glance,  
At the Fairies' airy dance !)

O'er the grass,  
Hand in hand,  
Kiss and pass,  
Fairy Band —

Round about  
With the breeze,  
In and out  
'Neath the trees !

Flow'r bells ring,  
With soft chime,  
Fairies sing,  
Keeping time —

On they go,  
Stepping soft,  
Laughing low,  
Kissing oft.

Steps so light  
Scarcely make  
Dew-drops bright  
Gleam and shake !

Yet my stately lilies wear  
Such a disapproving air,  
Looking down with sweet heads bent  
On the Fairy Parliament,  
Trusting their white dignity  
Flippant Fays may chance to see.  
(Yet I think, from their shy glance,  
They would like to join the dance !)



## THE FAIRIES' SHOPPING.



HERE do you think the Fairies go  
To buy their blankets ere the snow?

When Autumn comes, with frosty days,  
The sorry shivering little Fays

Begin to think it's time to creep  
Down to their caves for Winter sleep.

But first they come from far and near  
To buy, where shops are not too dear,

(The wind and frost bring prices down,  
So Fall's their time to come to town !)

Where on the hill-side rough and steep  
Browse all day long the cows and sheep,

The mullein's yellow candles burn  
Over the heads of dry sweet fern :

All summer long the mullein weaves  
His soft and thick and woolly leaves.

Warmer blankets were never seen  
Than these broad leaves of fuzzy green —

(The cost of each is but a shekel  
Made from the gold of honeysuckle !)

To buy their sheets and fine white lace  
(With which to trim a pillow-case),

They only have to go next door,  
Where stands a sleek brown spider's store,

And there they find the misty threads  
Ready to cut into sheets and spreads ;

Then for a pillow, pluck with care  
Some soft-winged seeds as light as air ;

Just what they want the thistle brings,  
But thistles are such surly things —

And so, though it is somewhat high,  
The clematis the Fairies buy.

The only bedsteads that they need  
Are silky pods of ripe milk-weed,

With hangings of the dearest things —  
Autumn leaves, or butterflies' wings !

And dandelions' fuzzy heads  
They use to stuff their feather beds ;

And yellow snapdragons supply  
The nightcaps that the Fairies buy,

To which some blades of grass they pin,  
And tie them 'neath each little chin.

Then, shopping done, the Fairies cry,  
" Our Summer 's gone ! oh sweet, good-bye ! "

And sadly to their caves they go,  
To hide away from Winter's snow —

And then, though winds and storms may beat,  
The Fairies' sleep is warm and sweet !



## THE BUTTERCUP.



H bravely she holds up,  
To catch the sun and dew,  
And sometimes raindrops, too,  
Her tiny golden cup.

She needs the clouds and rain,  
To make her brightest flowers,  
For her life, just as ours,  
Can grow because of pain !



## NIGHT.



HE tender Night, in sable dress,  
Leans o'er the earth, intent to bless ;

Like a round ball of misty light  
Her lantern moon glows soft and bright ;

The yellow stars that wink and yawn  
Are her small candles till the dawn :

Thus lighted, round the world she goes,  
To heal with sleep its sharpest woes !

The tears Day brought, Night gently dries,  
With her soft touch on weary eyes —

In mists of dreams each tired brain  
Forgets its trouble or its pain —

To Age she brings back youth and joy,  
The gray-haired man becomes a boy !

Fair visions of the Youth she shows  
Of all the Future may disclose :

On Childhood's lips she leaves a kiss ;  
Enough for him is present bliss !

But, for this goodness which she shows,  
She wills that every eye must close ;

For all too shy is modest Night  
To do such kindness in our sight !





## POLLY.



HE tufted grass is bright with dew  
That damps her gown and wets her  
shoe,  
As through it Polly gayly trips  
With ruddy cheeks and smiling lips !  
By Love and Duty both she 's led  
When hast'ning to the milking-shed —  
The patient cows with gentle eyes  
Will show no grave or stern surprise,  
If, ere her work she does begin  
Her sweetheart Jem a kiss shall win !



## THE WAITS.



T the break of Christmas Day,  
 Through the frosty starlight ringing,  
 Faint and sweet and far away,  
 Comes the sound of children, singing,  
 Chanting, singing,  
*“ Cease to mourn,  
 For Christ is born,  
 Peace and joy to all men bringing ! ”*

Careless that the chill winds blow,  
 Growing stronger, sweeter, clearer,  
 Noiseless footfalls in the snow  
 Bring the happy voices nearer ;  
 Hear them singing,  
*“ Winter’s drear,  
 But Christ is here,  
 Mirth and gladness with Him bringing ! ”*

*“ Merry Christmas ! ”* hear them say,  
 As the East is growing lighter ;  
*“ May the joy of Christmas Day  
 Make your whole year gladder, brighter ! ”*  
 Join their singing,  
*“ To each home  
 Our Christ has come,  
 All Love’s treasures with Him bringing ! ”*





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